

Kahuna Nui convinces Josher Bluffem

I WAS highly honored one day this week by a call from Kahuna Nui, the Sage of Kakaako whose erudite comments on men and events bulk so large in the Honolulu eye. The old gentleman was all togged out in his Sunday best—plug hat, brand-new malo and goggle glasses, and altogether was a most impressive figure.

"Aloha nui," the Kakaako Korrespondent greeted me. "I come see you, Joshes Bluff, for get you join Double Cross."

"What do you mean, Kahuna Nui?" I ejaculated in mild astonishment. "This is not election time, and anyway, nobody's going to slip me the Double Cross if I see him first. Now, if you happen to have any other crosses on hand—the Cross of Gold, for instance. My old friend Willie Jennings Bryan took an awful fall out of that cross a good many years ago; that's how he contracted the habit of running for President. But, just the same, if I'm going to be crucified, I shall insist upon a cross of gold."

"You talking too much, Joshes, and don't say somethings," said Kahuna Nui severely. "You make the noise all the same some those Hun diklomats what tell becos Germany had to go the war to defend herself against Belgium. Bimeby, I think so, maybe Kaiser Willie give Iron Cross for you."

"What d'you mean, old man," I interrupted to head off further uncomplimentary comment, "you want me to join the Double Cross? Where'd you get that stuff? What's the Double Cross?"

"Mebbe perhaps I make mistake, Joshes Bluff," replied the Kakaako Sage. "Mebbe thas not the right kind of cross what I'm telling to you. That's no reason why for you to be cross with old man like me. I think mebbe so the cross what do I mean is Red Cross. I'm forgetting the name what does my fren Al. Castle calling it, but anyway, I'm member now, and I like please for you to join too. Then, like Hanawaki Kruger says, we'll work side by each to get sum more munny for help the poor sholder what does that Kaiser Willie

shoot full of Kultur and other painful projectiles."

"I don't know much about this Red Cross business, Kahuna Nui," I replied. "I've heard a lot of talk about it, but it seems to me it's calculated to interfere with business as usual, and a lot of people I know don't like that. Anyway, what's it got to do with you and me? We're not rich, are we?"

"Me, I'm not rich, no," replied Kahuna Nui. "Us working-on-the-road fallers don't got so much money like Bob Shingles and sum other malefactors of great wealth. But sometime we got one two dollars what we use for buy gin for get a headache. My Friend Al. Castle tell me one day becos that old Kaiser Willie spend all his time now making corpses and orphans and widows—how he kill erry-buddy so make the world civilize, and the people what don't get killed yet they need planty money for buy medicine and clothes to for tie up hole where the kultur bullet go in, and kau-kau for the keiki of the sholder what Hun Willie ma-ke."

"And Al. tell for me becos bimeby when Hawaii really truly waking up (she moemoe this time) and find out the Sammees are fight with Kaiser Willie's Huns, then errybody will want to give all the money what can they afforded for help those poor peoples."

"And Al. tell for me, too, that next Saturday the Red Crossers go all around town and down in Kakaako and Punahou and other residence districts where us working-on-the-road fallers and politicians and missionaries lives, and ask us all to join the Red Cross and give our money for those shooted sholders and sick keikis and women what lose their married husbands."

"And nother things Al. told to for me that this war our war—not President Wilson war or congress war or the rich faller war. And I know Al. he's good faller and never puni-puni to me. So, Joshes this was belong me and belong you. Charlie Roses he no can put it out. So me and you, we must do errythings what we can for help stop the Hun kultur from kill our sholders. So tha's more better

things if we join the Red Crosses and give our money what before we spend for buy headache water, so the Red Crosses can buy a milk for the keikis and a medicine and bandage for the Sammies what get a hurt."

The earnestness of Kahuna Nui impressed me, and, painful as it was, I began to think. "Kahuna Nui's right at that," was my conclusion. "It's up to all of us to get in and do our share—especially as we can't get anybody else to do it for us. And I told the Kakaako Sage I was with him."

Kahuna Nui promised that next Saturday he would come around and let me sign my name to the Red Cross roll and that he would decorate me with a Red Cross that has any other sort of cross beaten to a frazzle, as our strenuous ex-President puts it. So on Saturday Kahuna Nui and I will be with the rest of Honolulu—for the old gentleman told me that he expected everybody in the city, including all the working-on-the-road fallers and the missionaries and hack drivers, to join the Red Cross. And I've a hunch he's right, at that.

I told Kahuna Nui I was going to write this for the newspapers, and the old gentleman said he wanted his name to be signed to it, too. So here we both are.

JOSHER BLUFFEM,
KAHUNA NUI (His X Mark)



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Annual Member	\$ 1
*Subscribing Member, annually	2
*Contributing Member, annually	5
*Sustaining Member, annually	10
*Life Member, one payment	25
*Patron Member, one payment	100

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Draw your membership money on Friday and have it ready on Saturday, September 29.

Join the RED CROSS Saturday!